



VOL. III. No. 31. GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858. [WHOLE No. 133.]

# THE TIMES

GREENSBORO, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
**The Destiny.**  
BY MARY W. JANVIN.

Inscribed to One who asked "Will you tell my fortune?"

Wouldst I that I should read thy future,  
Truer than the gossip old  
Telleth 'neath the greenwood forest,  
When her palm is crossed with gold  
Then be mine the Sybil's spell:  
List, while I thy fortune tell!

In earnest eye, on thoughtful brow,  
I trace the record of thy soul;  
Youth's best years are on thee now,  
Hope, the promoter—Fame, the goal—  
And I, weak, like Power's dower,  
Sways thy heart with magic power.

But the Poets' god-like treasure  
Often bringseth pain and woe;  
Hope sings many a dulcet measure,  
Ah, how falsely, then, may'st thou know!  
And Fame is but a gilded toy—  
The bauble gained, how little joy!

In olden days the pilgrim rover,  
With sandals, staff, and scabbard sheen,  
Many a long league journeyed o'er—  
Gained the shrine—before it fell:  
Shrine as fond heart never knew,  
Others have worshipped—so wilt thou!

But lo! the heart's libation  
As, at feast, they pour the wine!  
Bend not thou in adoration  
Heedlessly at every shrine!  
The weary pilgrim sought but one,  
And only knew, the journey done.

Fate's scroll now darkens! doubts and fears,  
And shadowed skies, I see afar;  
And thro' the gathering mist of tears  
There is no rift for guiding star.  
O then, if'er thy darkened way  
The Tempter comes, "watch and pray!"

Full many a spell the Gipsy hath—  
And many a talismanic charm—  
But I've no power to hedge thy path,  
And shield thy steps from woe and harm.  
Religion be thy anvil—  
Honor and Truth, its jewels set.

And now thy Destiny is told—  
The Sybil's prophecy is o'er;  
For thee, the future's page unfolded,  
I read the mystic scroll no more:  
When to the busy world thou goest forth,  
Dinner forget.

"The Sybil of the North."

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**THE MINIATURE;  
OR,  
LIFE SCENES.**

BY WILLIS MACLAY.  
CHAPTER VIII.

"The scene is closed,  
And busy life with all its cares and troubles,  
Has been presented to your view. Do you think  
You'd wish that they were over and done?  
You'd wish that they were over and done?  
Live while you live."—Doddridge.

THE mystery was soon solved. Not long did it remain hidden from Will, who was to be the "lord" of his sister—and as the vow was pledged and Louisa was given to be the wedded wife of Walton—he looked through the vista of the future and blessed the happy hour when his deliverer met him, and the happiness that yet was to come from such a blessed union.

Mrs. Grahame was overcome with joy and welcomed the moment, while Mr. Dowell's heart was too full for utterance and the tears stood in his eyes as he gazed upon his son and thought of the dark night he had passed through and the bright morn that succeeded.

The married couple returned to the city and once more the old mansion was lonely, yet it looked grand in its loneliness—the same tall trees shaded its weather-beaten brow, and the sunlight flickered here and there, through the branches and boughs, upon the roof, giving it a look of deserted grandeur. Beyond wooded a graceful stream, that reflected in images of beauty the bending willows on the bank. Birds sported on its banks and carolled a sweet strain in the boughs of the over hanging trees. Few spots in nature were more beautiful or lovely than this, thought Mr. Dowell as he gazed on the scenery thrown beautifully and gracefully around by nature. To him it was doubly dear, here he had labored and worshipped; here he had passed through the night of sorrow; on which broke the morn of rejoicing; here he had lived with the protecting hand of Him who rules the spheres to guide and to guard him, and here he hoped to die.

It was Autumn. Sadly sighed the winds through the fading trees. The forest showed a sea of colors in striking contrast; the blood red, russet, and bright yellow, with the sombre green of the pine were thrown together in wild yet beautiful confusion. The stream wound its graceful way as before, and the sunlight flickered around the old "Grahame Castle," as Will was wont to call the cottage, and the wind played idly over the old trees as before, chaunting a sad and solemn lay, but to a passer-by, to a stranger, a melancholy grandeur, a solemn stillness pervaded the premises; and the hurried motions and silent and suppressed whispers, told too unequivocally that death was busy within.

How oft in life are we tempted to murmur at the will of Providence in removing loved ones. We murmur that they have passed from death to life! we murmur that they are not subjected to the same trials and temptations that we are! we murmur that those whom we love have passed from a world of darkness to a world of light, from a sphere of misery to a sphere of happiness! Alas! we know not what we do—we know not, that we defy the Almighty—we know not, that we give the omnipotent the charge of incompetency and inability! Afflictions are but blessings in a changed form, they are for good, and do we not submit to the overruling hand of Providence we grumble against the decrees of the Almighty!

The chamber of death is a solemn place and when the dead spirit leaves its clay to flee to worlds unknown, solemnity pervades the minds of all. Mr. Dowell's chamber was in the western part of the cottage and as life ebbed slowly away ere it departed, his charge each came to receive a dying blessing—and those he loved tenderly and sincerely were ever near to hear his words of counsel and to ease his pains and suffering. The day wore away slowly—"one by one the moments flying" until night's pale mantle was soon to be spread over the wearied earth. The sun was just setting. Mr. Dowell was placed so as to see its last lingering ray; and as it sank beneath the western hills he exclaimed:

"It has gone, but to rise in still greater glory. 'Be ye also ready.'"  
And muttering a short prayer he sank into the arms of Walton—sweetly falling asleep in Jesus.

"So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sets the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore!"

No one wept—his sorrow was too deep; but why should they; is death a time for weeping? Ask the Christian if he wishes to linger away from his God, and what will he answer, "To die is gain!" Never was a village more saddened by death than was the village of M— when their loved pastor died. There was no one to take his place, no one to command his dignity, no one to receive the love and reverence granted to him. They were truly as "sheep without a shepherd" and long, alas! too long this void remained unoccupied.

Providence always turns the worst means to advantage. For six months the church was without a pastor, and they finally called Rev. Walton Wood Dowell, as he was called, to become their pastor and bear the same relation to them that his loved father had done before him. Such was his situation that he deemed it not his duty to go, but upon a renewal he accepted.

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And shield thy steps from woe and harm.  
Religion be thy anvil—  
Honor and Truth, its jewels set.

And now thy Destiny is told—  
The Sybil's prophecy is o'er;  
For thee, the future's page unfolded,  
I read the mystic scroll no more:  
When to the busy world thou goest forth,  
Dinner forget.

"The Sybil of the North."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
**THE MINIATURE;  
OR,  
LIFE SCENES.**

BY WILLIS MACLAY.  
CHAPTER VIII.

"The scene is closed,  
And busy life with all its cares and troubles,  
Has been presented to your view. Do you think  
You'd wish that they were over and done?  
You'd wish that they were over and done?  
Live while you live."—Doddridge.

THE mystery was soon solved. Not long did it remain hidden from Will, who was to be the "lord" of his sister—and as the vow was pledged and Louisa was given to be the wedded wife of Walton—he looked through the vista of the future and blessed the happy hour when his deliverer met him, and the happiness that yet was to come from such a blessed union.

Mrs. Grahame was overcome with joy and welcomed the moment, while Mr. Dowell's heart was too full for utterance and the tears stood in his eyes as he gazed upon his son and thought of the dark night he had passed through and the bright morn that succeeded.

The married couple returned to the city and once more the old mansion was lonely, yet it looked grand in its loneliness—the same tall trees shaded its weather-beaten brow, and the sunlight flickered here and there, through the branches and boughs, upon the roof, giving it a look of deserted grandeur. Beyond wooded a graceful stream, that reflected in images of beauty the bending willows on the bank. Birds sported on its banks and carolled a sweet strain in the boughs of the over hanging trees. Few spots in nature were more beautiful or lovely than this, thought Mr. Dowell as he gazed on the scenery thrown beautifully and gracefully around by nature. To him it was doubly dear, here he had labored and worshipped; here he had passed through the night of sorrow; on which broke the morn of rejoicing; here he had lived with the protecting hand of Him who rules the spheres to guide and to guard him, and here he hoped to die.

It was Autumn. Sadly sighed the winds through the fading trees. The forest showed a sea of colors in striking contrast; the blood red, russet, and bright yellow, with the sombre green of the pine were thrown together in wild yet beautiful confusion. The stream wound its graceful way as before, and the sunlight flickered around the old "Grahame Castle," as Will was wont to call the cottage, and the wind played idly over the old trees as before, chaunting a sad and solemn lay, but to a passer-by, to a stranger, a melancholy grandeur, a solemn stillness pervaded the premises; and the hurried motions and silent and suppressed whispers, told too unequivocally that death was busy within.

How oft in life are we tempted to murmur at the will of Providence in removing loved ones. We murmur that they have passed from death to life! we murmur that they are not subjected to the same trials and temptations that we are! we murmur that those whom we love have passed from a world of darkness to a world of light, from a sphere of misery to a sphere of happiness! Alas! we know not what we do—we know not, that we defy the Almighty—we know not, that we give the omnipotent the charge of incompetency and inability! Afflictions are but blessings in a changed form, they are for good, and do we not submit to the overruling hand of Providence we grumble against the decrees of the Almighty!

The chamber of death is a solemn place and when the dead spirit leaves its clay to flee to worlds unknown, solemnity pervades the minds of all. Mr. Dowell's chamber was in the western











# THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To Julian.

BY GRACE MILLWOOD.

Tell me, wouldst thou utter vows  
Thy heart responds not to?  
The misery that those vows may cost,  
Oh! never came to thee?  
Oh! wouldst thou take unto thy home  
A gentle loving one,  
And after in thy solitude,  
Regret the deed was done?

Forbear! for you may never know  
What anguish it has cost  
Unto the heart that trusted thee,  
And for the love would live;  
Forgive me! but this heart hath felt  
Deceptions deep and true,  
And I would have no other one  
To feel that grief again.

Go tell her how thy heart hath strayed,  
Hath strayed from her afar—  
Hath bowed before another shrine—  
Looked on another star?  
Oh! if she loves thee, she will grieve,  
But better far 'twere so,  
Than have her perish, day by day,  
With sorrow, care, and woe.

Oh! wouldst thou have a heart that true  
Decline in after years?  
And feel that thou hast hadst filled  
That heart with bitter tears?  
No, no, oh! Julian, now recall  
The words thy lips have spoken,  
Oh! do not utter vows so false,  
Then leave her heart all broken.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

NEWS PAPERS.

BY VIOLA.

Every person sees how much valuable matter is comprised in so brief a space when a well-conducted newspaper is carefully examined. A good paper is a medium of communication to the public, for the use of all members of society. There is more intelligence and goodness in the world now than ever before—but owing to the gossip of the idle and talkative ones, crimes and follies of society are more talked of, and a knowledge of them more widely diffused. If persons will read, they will always have a store of knowledge that will be interesting and agreeable. I have been so perfectly disgusted with the conversation of those disregardful of the cultivation of the mind and who never have any thing to talk about but the faults and follies of their neighbors, that I have thought the omnipresence of newspapers would soon beget a distaste for gossip. The money spent for good newspapers, is well spent; for many reasons. A man who does not take a well conducted paper, is far behind the spirit of the age, and one that does not read a paper, is not upon an equal footing with his fellow man, who enjoys such advantage. The man who will not take papers is disregardful of his humanity, in not affording them an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of what is passing in the world, at the cheapest possible teaching. In travelling in many sections I have noticed the difference in families who indulged in reading, and those who do not.

How sad it is to see so many, who spend their leisure moments in idleness and gossip. What can a man expect his children to be in this enlightened age, who is willing to sacrifice their happiness now, and in future, because he will not set a good example by buying useful books—and subscribing for good papers. Reading papers produces a love for reading. A love for reading is the foundation of a good education. Yes it exceeds the richest gem. The training of the mind is not in the hands of Government. It is assigned to parents. Especially to mothers, as a child loves its mother, and relies on her advice; then ladies should indulge in the pleasant pastime of reading to their little ones. It must be more interesting to a man, to return to the home circle, and find the family reading or relating something that has been read, than to hear the idle tale of scandal, or some thing else as useless and mean. Show me a family, without a newspaper, and there is manifest in that family, a want of manners, and signs of ignorance, most strikingly in contrast with the neighbor who allows himself such a rational pleasure. If ever so poor, a man should take a paper. If I had a boy, I should take a paper. If I had a work by fire-light to earn money enough to pay for it. Always take a paper. But too many borrow, when they could have one of their own, by paying the sum of two dollars to the Editor. Young men should take papers and read them. Children going to school, especially, should have weekly papers to read—as they will acquire an education with half the money, those who will never see a paper. The boy who reads well, will learn to think and analyse; and if so, he will be almost certain to make a man of himself; hating vice and ignorance, which a love for reading is calculated to acquire a distaste for. I have been engaged a long time in school teaching and have witnessed the valuable influence of newspapers on the minds of a family of children. They are almost always quarrelling, and they have something to talk about that will not make disturbances in school. Show me a place celebrated for discord and fuss in a family, and you will find they seldom read. In school those scholars who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are—1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly. 2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy. 3. They obtain a practical knowledge of Geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of the most important places, nations, and their governments and things on the globe. 4th. They are better grammarians; for having become so familiar with every variety in the newspaper, from the common place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and subsequently analyse its construction more readily.

Let every one who reads this think how easily the monster of the human race may be destroyed—gossip the mother of slander which is stirring up rancor and bitterness, hate and scorn, may be killed by the tongue, being taught to speak praise and truth—which it is sure to do if the mind is kept free from passions and prejudices, which is certain to give a wrong turn to observations on both persons and things. I do not mean for persons never to talk, but to have a hidden treasure of knowledge which has been acquired by reading, observation and hard study. Then in free and friendly conversation a little light what has been lodged in the secret chambers of the soul. In this way knowledge is made useful to mankind. A man of vast reading should unfold it when an opportunity presents itself, if so noted with the bright writers he will give and receive benefits that silent reading would never excite. Read and profit by it; or you can never be noble.

Life is so brief, that we should improve our time the best we can. We can do this by cultivating the heart and mind. Reading is the road to success in every department of life. The love of reading is to be cultivated by having the proper materials to read. The one thing needful is the Bible which should be read daily for every Christian; for we should take time to read—as we shall certainly have to take time to die. Alas how few of us remember this longer than the word is spoken. How much happier then the state of society would be in every respect if every person would apply themselves to the work of improving their hearts and reasoning powers and seeing every opportunity and advantage to be useful. Not living to slander and prove humanity base—but learn by proper means the nobler estimate of man; if we see a fault not to be first to make it known. Every one I presume has been slandered and slanderers not the high positions in life nor scorn the low. Read to have a store of good, and avoid gossip as the foulest sin.

Daniel Webster's Letter on Sunday Schools.

MARSHFIELD, June 15, 1852.

Prof. Pease—Dear Sir—I have received your very able and interesting annual report of the condition of the New York Sabbath School Association, and read it with great pleasure and instruction. It is gratifying, very gratifying, to learn that in "a city where vice and immorality run riot with impunity," a few humble Christians have devoted their time and energies to the cause of religion, and I fervently pray that your labors may be crowned with success.

The Sabbath School is one of the great institutions of the day. It leads our youth in the path of truth and morality, and makes them good men and useful citizens. As a school of religious instruction, it is of inestimable value; as a civil institution, it is priceless, and has done more to preserve our liberties than grave statesmen and armed soldiers. Let it then be fostered and preserved until the end of time!

I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial, I asked him what could have induced him to stain his hands with the blood of a fellow being. Turning his bloodshot eyes full upon me, he replied, in a voice of despair, "Mr. Webster, in my youth I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements, instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise." Could we go back to the early years of all hardened criminals, I believe, yes, firmly believe, that their first departure from the path of morality was when they abandoned the Sabbath School, and their subsequent crimes might thus be traced back to the neglect of youthful religious instruction.

Many years ago I spent a Sabbath with Thos. Jefferson, at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. While engaged in discussing the beauties of the Bible, the sound of a bell broke upon our ears, when, turning to the sage of Monticello, I remarked, "How sweetly, how very sweetly sounds that Sabbath bell?" The distinguished statesman for a moment seemed lost in thought, and then replied: "Yes my dear Webster, it melts the heart, it calms our passions, and makes us boys again." Here I observed that man was only an animal formed for religious worship, and that notwithstanding all the sophistry of Epicurus, Lucretius, and Voltaire, the Scriptures stood upon a rock as firm, as unmovable as truth itself. That man, in his purer, loftier breathings, turned the mental eyes toward immortality, and that the poet only echoed the general sentiment of our nature in saying that,

"The soul, secure in her existence,  
Smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point."

Mr. Jefferson fully concurred in this opinion, and observed that the tendency of the American mind was in a different direction; and that Sunday schools—he did not use our more correct term, Sabbath—presented the only legitimate means, under the Constitution, of avoiding the rock on which the French Republic was wrecked. "Burke," said he, "never uttered a more important truth than when he exclaimed that 'a religious education was the cheap defence of nations'."

"Raikes," said Mr. Jefferson, "has done more for our country than the present generation will acknowledge; perhaps none. I am old he will obtain his reward. I hope so, earnestly hope so; I am considered by many, Mr. Webster, to have little religion, but now is not the time to correct errors of this sort. I have always said, and always will say, that the studious pursuit of the Sacred Volume will make better husbands. Of the distinguished Raikes, he was 'clarum et venerabile nomen.' I took the liberty of saying that I found more pleasure in Hebrew poetry than in the best productions of Greece and Rome. That the 'Harp upon the willows by Babylon' had charms for me beyond anything in the numbers of the blind man of Smyrna. I then turned to Jeremiah, there was a fine folio of the Scriptures before me of 1458, and read aloud some of those sublime passages that used to delight me on my father's knee. But I fear, my dear friend, I shall tire you with my prolix account of what was a pleasant Sabbath spent in the company of one who has filled a very large space in our political and literary annals.

Thanking you for your report, and heartily concurring with you in the truth of your quotation, that 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people,' I remain, with a high regard, your friend, D. WEBSTER.

He doubts his troubles will borrow to-morrow.

## USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

Anglo-American store of rich knowledge is added to the world, and is daily and hourly increasing. It is the only source of information, and the only source of knowledge, that is accessible to the masses of the people. It is the only source of information, and the only source of knowledge, that is accessible to the masses of the people. It is the only source of information, and the only source of knowledge, that is accessible to the masses of the people.

### Preserving Cans and Jars.

Without venturing an opinion as to the merits of the particular can referred to in the following correspondence, we extract it (from the Southern Cultivator) for the sake of the valuable hints it contains.

EDITOR SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR—

As a prospect is flattering for a fair crop of fruit this season, it would be interesting to myself, and doubtless to many more of your subscribers, if you would give the usual process of preserving fruit in cans for winter use; and, also, name the most desirable patent now in use for the purpose, etc. J. H. S. Cincinnati, Texas, April 1852.

REPLY.—We believe "Dayton's Exhauster" to be the very best fruit preserving-can or jar yet invented, and append the following directions for its use:

Directions for preparing Fruit.—In selecting fruit, care should be taken to procure fruit that is perfectly sound—in which fermentation has not commenced—as, when once begun, it cannot be arrested.

Peaches, Pears, Quinces, etc.—Having peeled and cut the fruit in quarters, and taken out the seed, place in the steamer, such as used for steaming vegetables in culinary operations, or some tin vessel having its bottom perforated with holes; then place the steamer over a pot of boiling water, (putting a cover on the steamer), and let it remain until the fruit is thoroughly heated through. It need not remain long enough to be fully cooked, as this would in some manner injure its fresh flavor. Taking the fruit from the steamer, put it in the cans or jars, seal the cover on, and exhaust the air, as hereafter directed.

For raspberries, blackberries, cherries, plums, tomatoes, etc., place the fruit in an open vessel over a fire, putting a little water with it, to prevent it scorching at the bottom. Stir it gently until heated through, as before, and then place in the cans or jars. The fluid in which the fruit has been heated may be boiled down until it will about half fill the cans of fruit, then poured over the fruit. The fluid should not more than half fill the cans, as, on application of the exhauster, it will draw it out of the orifice in the top of the can.

Tomatoes may be preserved whole, by pouring boiling water over them, and letting them remain in the water until heated through, putting into the cans, and sealing the cans as they stand in hot water.

Green Corn, Peas, Beans, etc.—Cook these vegetables until they are thoroughly done, as for the table. Take them out of the vessel in which they have been cooked, with a skimmer—taking care to separate them as much as possible from the fluid in which they have been heated—and put them into the cans. Before sealing on the top of the can, pour out the fluid that has accumulated therein. The air should be exhausted and the can sealed while hot.

Preserves may be made, which will retain the fresh fruit flavor, in the following manner: Heat the fruit, and put it in the cans, as before directed; then take one pound of sugar to four pounds of fruit and make a thick syrup, by adding a little water, and heating; and, when boiling hot, pour it over the fruit in the cans, and seal up and exhaust the air, as before.

Preserves made in this way are far preferable, for richness of flavor, to those made in the usual way, by using a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit.

Butter and Eggs.—Place the butter or eggs in the can or jar, and exhaust the air and seal as before. They require no heating.

Directions for Sealing the Cans or Jars.—The cans should be sealed while the fruit is warm. Place the top on the can, and with a dry cloth wipe out the groove, to remove any water that may have accumulated therein. Then holding a stick of sealing-wax in the hand, and a hot iron in the other, melt the wax, and let it drop into and fill up the groove. Place a small piece of oil-silk, about the size of a dime, upon the orifice in the top of the cover. Take the exhauster in the left hand, and the ball and stick, to which the sponge is fastened, in the right hand. Place the exhauster over the orifice in the top of the can, and hold it firmly. Light the sponge and throw it into the exhauster, and place the ball upon the top of the exhauster immediately. From the difficulty of removing the ball, you will know whether you have a perfect vacuum formed. To effect a permanent vacuum, drop a little sealing-wax over the oil-silk.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Remember this when cold weather comes on: The application of raw linseed oil at night and morning is said to be an effectual cure and preventive of this troublesome complaint.

WHITE FLOUR.—Messrs. Mouriez and Chyrene, chemists, who have superintended the provision of bread for the hospitals, and subjected all kinds to experiment, submitted a report to the French Academy, in which they condemn the practice of making bread too white. It is then, they remark, a condiment, not an aliment. The exclusion of bran is loss of nourishment to the consumer; the palate is gratified at the expense of the whole system.

ANTIDOTE OF STRYCHNIA.—The success of camphor, as an antidote of strychnia, in the two cases reported last year by Dr. Rochester, of Buffalo, prompted to a trial in a recent case, reported at length in the Virginia Medical Journal, by Dr. Claiborne, of Petersburg. The strychnia was taken with suicidal intent, in a dose of two grains, and the patient was not seen until tetanic and epileptic spasms of intense violence had supervened, which continued for hours, until one drachm of camphor had been administered in doses of ten to six grains, every half hour, when they ceased, and the patient recovered. Until chemistry furnishes us with a better antidote, the camphor would seem to be worthy of confidence after these successful trials.

## Salad for the Solitary.

With a brush word, judgment timber: the one gives the greatest value, the other yields the substance; but both meeting may be lost.

PROBLEM: What is the  $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 24 of half a dozen. Answer next week. D.

SOLUTION to Problem of last week: While A gets \$1, equal to three-thirds B, gets \$1 equal to four-thirds. And 4 plus 8 equals 12; hence A will get 3-7 of \$100 which is \$42.85-7; B will get 4-7 of \$100 which is \$57.14-7.

Somebody is responsible for the following, but who our deponent sayeth not:

"The meanest of all men in our region is Sol Smith. You must know that here in the country, when one of the neighbors kills a 'beef creature,' he is expected to send a piece to each one of the families near by, and they return the favor when they kill, and so the thing proves to be about as broad as it is long. Now Sol was so mortal stingy that it went hard with him to think of giving away anything, and when he came to kill he was bent upon keeping it all to himself. But public sentiment was very strong on the subject, and he would like to keep up a good name and keep his beef besides. He spoke gently to his next-door neighbor, Johnson, and told him that he thought it was a very foolish plan to be sending meat all over town, and each man had better raise and kill his own. In fact, he was determined to cheat his neighbors out of their meat, if they expected any from him, and save his credit too. Johnson suggested to him that if he should leave his beef in the barn over night before cutting it up, and then take it to his cellar before daylight, and give out that it had been stolen, the people would lose their expected share, and be very sorry for him besides. Just it exactly! he would do that very thing. He killed his beef, hung it up to cool, and went to bed, to rise early and hide it. Johnson and a few friends, before going to bed, went over to Smith's barn, helped themselves to the beef, and divided it share and share alike, leaving but a wee bit for the owner. Smith rose early, and found his meat was gone. He rushed over to Johnson's and told the story, in a state bordering on frenzy.

"Good! says Johnson; 'you do it well.' 'But it is stole, I tell you.' 'That's right; stick to it, Sol! Put on that dismal face, and they'll all believe it!'

"Smith saw no use. He had fallen into his own pit; and went home a poorer wiser, but, we fear, no better man."

THE CHICKEN AND FEATHERS.—At breakfast, one morning, in that quiet and comfortable old inn, the White Swan, in York, a foreigner made quick dispatch, with the eggs. Thrusting his spoon into the middle, he drew out the yolk, devoured it, and passed on to the next. When he had got to his seventh egg, an old farmer, who had already been prejudiced against Monsieur by his mustachios, could brook the extravagance no longer, said,

"Why sir, you leave all the white! How is Mrs. Lockwood to afford to provide breakfast at that rate?"

"Vy," replied the outside barbarian, "you wouldn't have me eat de yolk? De yolk is de chicken; de yolk is de fiddlers. Am I to make von bolster of my belly?" The farmer was dumb-founded.

A LADY'S OPINION OF A LADY'S MAN.—Mrs. Stephens, in her excellent monthly magazine, thus "pitches in" against a class of men which is becoming far too numerous in this metropolis, says the Washington Star. Hear what she says:

"Our own private opinion of a Lady's Man is, that he is thoroughly contemptible—a sort of specimen of the life hardly worth thinking about—a nut-shell with the kernel withered up—a handful of foam drifting over the wine of life, something not altogether unpleasant to the fancy, but of no earthly use. A woman of sense would as soon put to sea in a man-of-war made of shingles, or take up her residence in a card-house, as dream of attaching herself to a lady-killer.

"Women worth the name are seldom deceived into thinking our lady's man the choicest specimen of his sex. Whatever their ignorance may be, womanly intuition must tell them that the men who live for great objects, and whose spirits are so firmly knit that they are able to encounter the storms of life—men whose depths and warmth of feelings resemble the powerful current of a mighty river, and if they love, are never smitten by mere beauty of form or features;—that these men are far more worthy even of occupying their thoughts in idle moments than the fops and men about town with whose attention they amuse themselves. If we were to tell him this, he would only laugh; he has no pride about him, although full of vanity, and it matters not to him what we may broadly affirm or quietly insinuate.

"Soft and delicate though he be, he is as impervious to ridicule as a hod-carrier, and as regardless of honest contempt as a city alderman. Were you to hand him this article, he would take it to some social party, and read it aloud in the most mellancholic voice as a homage to his own attractions."

An ignorant fellow, who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service; but by mistake, he committed the office of baptism for those of riper years; so when the clergyman asked him, in the church, 'Willst thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' the bridegroom answered in a very solemn tone, 'I renounce them all.' The astonished minister said, 'I think you are a fool!' to which he replied, 'All this I steadfastly believe.'

A wag, observing on the door of a house the name of two physicians, remarked that it put him in mind of a double-barrelled gun, for, if one missed, the other would be apt to kill.

A Frenchman, repeatedly hearing the word press used to imply persuade, one evening, when in company, exclaimed: 'I say, squeeze that lady to sing!'

A kiss, says an ingenious authority, is like the Creation, because it is made of nothing, and is very good.

Scandal will rub out like dirt, when it is dry.

## Business Cards.

THE TIMES: A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY GRACE MILLWOOD, GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Published weekly at \$2.00 per copy, in advance. Single copy, 10 cents. For the year, \$20.00. For the year, \$20.00. For the year, \$20.00.

ADVERTISING. One square (12 lines) first insertion \$1.00. Each additional week 20 cents. The following annual deductions will be made in favor of standing advertisements:

3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 1 YEAR. One square, \$3.00 \$5.00 \$8.00. Two squares, 6.00 10.00 14.00. Three " 9.00 15.00 20.00. Four " 12.00 20.00 26.00. Five " 15.00 25.00 32.00. Six " 18.00 30.00 40.00. Professional and business cards, not exceeding six lines—per annum, \$5.00.

E. F. POWELL, Watch-Maker & Jeweller, GREENSBOROUGH, N. C. Respectfully announces to the citizens of the place and the surrounding country, that he has located in Greensboro for the purpose of carrying on the Watch and Jewelry business in all its various branches. He will keep on hand a good assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, and will repair and clean all kinds of watches, clocks, and jewelry, and will send a piece to each one of the families near by, and they return the favor when they kill, and so the thing proves to be about as broad as it is long. Now Sol was so mortal stingy that it went hard with him to think of giving away anything, and when he came to kill he was bent upon keeping it all to himself. But public sentiment was very strong on the subject, and he would like to keep up a good name and keep his beef besides. He spoke gently to his next-door neighbor, Johnson, and told him that he thought it was a very foolish plan to be sending meat all over town, and each man had better raise and kill his own. In fact, he was determined to cheat his neighbors out of their meat, if they expected any from him, and save his credit too. Johnson suggested to him that if he should leave his beef in the barn over night before cutting it up, and then take it to his cellar before daylight, and give out that it had been stolen, the people would lose their expected share, and be very sorry for him besides. Just it exactly! he would do that very thing. He killed his beef, hung it up to cool, and went to bed, to rise early and hide it. Johnson and a few friends, before going to bed, went over to Smith's barn, helped themselves to the beef, and divided it share and share alike, leaving but a wee bit for the owner. Smith rose early, and found his meat was gone. He rushed over to Johnson's and told the story, in a state bordering on frenzy.

R. G. STAPLES, CARD WRITER, &c., &c., &c. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for \$1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, \$2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

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All communications should be addressed to the Resident Editor, Greensboro, N. C. Persons sending \$3 will receive a copy of the Journal and a copy of the Times, for one year.

### Opinions of the Press.

We make the following extracts from the notices of the first No. of the N. C. Journal of Education, in our exchanges:

"The Journal will prove of service to the State, and we recommend all who are interested in the progress of Education in North Carolina to subscribe."—Wilmington Herald.

"The cause of Education will form the basis of its efforts. The present number is one of much promise, and from the number and character of the Editors, we may look for a very valuable publication."—Wilmington Commercial.

The Central Presbyterian, published in Richmond Va., after mentioning a number of the Board of Editors says—"These names are a pledge to the public that the journal will be conducted with ability, and from their diversified position over an extensive field they can the more effectively present their views, experiences, and observations, for the common benefit of all. The design of the work is practical. \* \* \* The field is a large and diversified one, and such a work can scarcely fail to have an auspicious bearing upon the cause of education not only in North Carolina, but in other States. And here we may be permitted to remark that very few are aware of the progress which North Carolina has made during the last twenty years, in the cause of education. \* \* \* For ourselves we are not at all envious of Northern success, but we wish her God speed in every noble undertaking, for the enlightenment and elevation of her people."

We might multiply the extracts, but our friends have already seen many of them and we have not room for more.

### HOWARD ASSOCIATION.

Philadelphia.—A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Venereal and Epidemic diseases.

To all persons afflicted with Syphilis, Gonorrhea, or other Venereal diseases, such as Spermatorrhea, Remittent Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Syphilis, the Vice of Onanism, or self-abuse, &c., &c. The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Syphilis, and the enormous suffering and expense to the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of these classes of cases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is necessary to add that the Association cannot afford to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is necessary to add that the Association cannot afford to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE.

The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Just published by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhea, or Seminal Weakness, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self-Abuse, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed letter envelope,) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage.

Address, for Report or treatment, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors, E. ZRA D. HEARTWELL, Secy. GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secy. March, 1852. (119-ly.)

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